

HIEROTHALAMIVM.

OR,

THE HEAVENLY
Nuptialls of our *Bles-
sed Saviour*, vvith a
pious Soule.

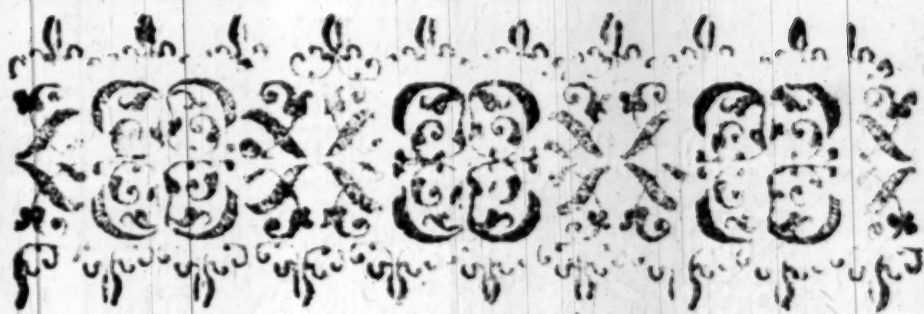
WRITTEN

By Richard Flecknoe.

Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit vtile dolci.
—— Horat.



Anno M. DC. XXVI.



TO THE
G R E A T E X A M P L E
of *Vertue* and *Nobility*,
the Lady Katherine
Abergauenny.

MADAME,
THIS *small*
POEME, (a late
Birth of myne, and
so meanelly clad, as
poore Art it selfe is even ashamed of
it) I should scarce haue ventured to
present vnto your Ladishippe, had I

THE EPISTLE

not more then hop't, that the Excellency of the Subiect, would (in your iust Esteeme) haue kept at least in equall Ballance, my wants in writing it.

I am to professe (Madame) so many extraordinary fauours, by which your unwearied Goodnes hath euer pleas'd (aboue my deserts) to honour me, as I am forc't to seeke out some more then ordinary way, to shew my selfe in Will, theyr gratefull debtour, in Ability I cannot hope. Therefore Madame, remayning still your debtour in the Principall, all I am able, and intend to do, is to call as many others as I can, into the Interest of the Debt with me; by letting all know (who from
the

DEDICATORY.

*the reading of this little Worke,
may receaue eyther Profit or De-
light, that they owe it wholly to
your Ladyship.*

*By this means perceauing, that I
was like to draw your Name, as
Party, into the Reputation of this
Worke, I thought it would best be-
come my Care, as it did my Duty,
(who otherwise as you will see, haue
affected nothing in the writing it)
so to provide, as none might receaue
offence, or harme by reading it. Of
which happines (though somewhat
rare in these Tymes, and more in
such Workes) being secure in its
Innocency, and my Well-Mea-
ning it, it dares with the more
Confidence, and cheerfulnes ap-*

THE EPISTLE

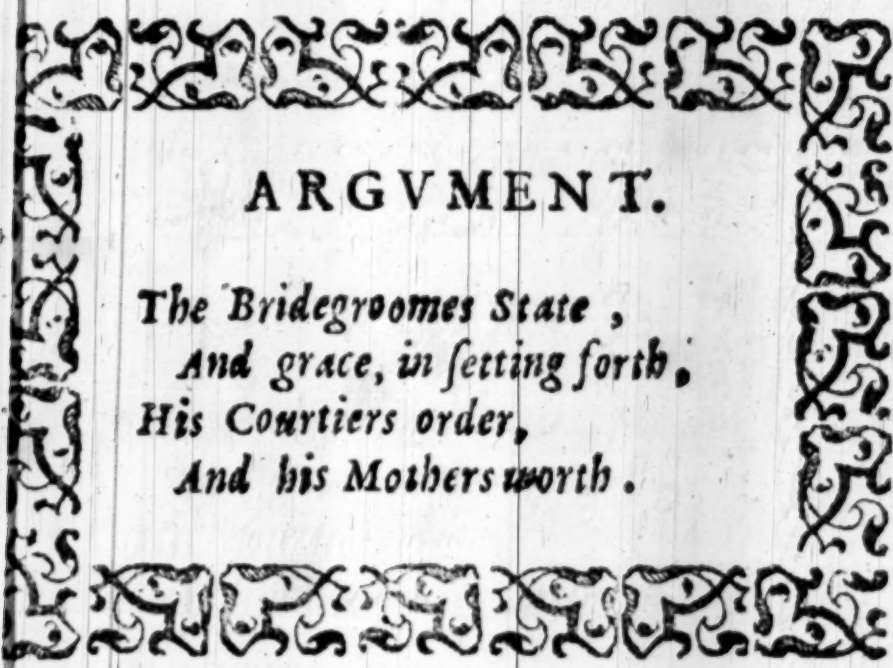
proach vnto your Ladyshippe, to
leauē in your sayre Hands, a perpe-
tuall testimony of his Respect, and
Duty, whome your Great Ver-
tues, & many Deserts haue wonne
to be

Theyr euer Seruant,
& Faithfull Ho-
nourer.

Rich. Flecknoe.

The

The First Canto.



ARGUMENT.

*The Bridegroomes State ,
And grace, in setting forth ,
His Courtiers order,
And his Mothers worth .*



I.

M I D-night silence, all bedumbe,
Rise, & see the *Bridgroom* come.
But beware that none come neare,
Only those, whose breasts are cleare
From all crime, or sinne, so foule,
That may wound, or kill the soule.
These are *Mysteries*, and *Rites*
To be seene by *chaster Sights*,
To be mark't, and vnderstood
Only by the pure, and good,
Vertue, (as it is most agreeing)
Only's fit for *Vertu's* seeing.

Looke,





2.

Looke , the *Heavens* transparent gate
Open's wide , and out there at
First a flight of *Angells* come,
Some do play, and other some:
With the flickr'ing of their wings
Keep the time, whilst others sings.
Others strew the way with flower's
Gather'd fresh from *Eden's* bowr's
Such for sight, & curious smell,
As they knew would most excell,
All in gen'rall, Ioy do share,
To themselves, peculiar care.

Those

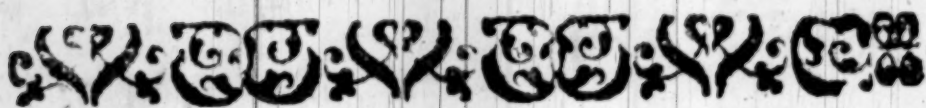




3.

Those the Ancient Prophet's were,
who that *wondrous* Banner beare,
Whose true Colour none can know:
They appeare the lesse in shew,
'Cause about theyr heads there flies,
Such a cloud of *Mysteries*,
As vnto *our Sense* they leaue
Scarcely ought we may perceauē.
But those soul's to whome ti's giuen
For to know them all in *Heauen*,
There are few, or none, do say,
Make a fayrer shew then they.

Those





4.

Those more open to our sight,
Next in ranke, with Garments bright,
Whose deare *Powerty* doth waue,
In that *Ensigne* which they haue,
(Glose of which will neuer fade
Though in water-colours layd,)
Were Apostles. Those are they
Who from fishing in the *Sea*,
Came to take more soul's on *Land*
Then the shoars haue graynes of sand,
With no other *Neits*, or *Hookes*
Then theyr *Tongues*, and *holy Bookes*.

Those





5.

Those who sayre *Vermilion* beare
With *greene Laurell*, *Martyrs* were,
Marke how through their shining red,
Bee't in body, heart, or head,
All the *Wounds* were giu'n them heere,
Brighter then the *Sunne* appeere.
Soares, are chang'd to pretious *Gemmes*,
Grievous stripes, to glorious *beames*,
Drops of bloud, to *Rubyes red*,
Scarres, to *Crownes* vpon theyr head,
Teares, to *Pearles*, and euery payne
Hath it's proper *Ioy*, and *gayne*.

Those





6.

Those whose Colours fayrely spred
Shew pure white, bestreak't with red;
Were *Confessours*, such as heere
Arm'd by *Vertue* agaynst *Feare*,
Durst confesse theyr *Fayth*, in time
When t'was thought the *greatest crime*;
These are they, who did reduce
Thousand soules, from sinnes abuse:
Who *Hells gates* (in manner) brake
With the force of *Truth* they spake:
For the which theyr *tongues* now shine.
(As you see) with *light diuine*:

Those





7.

Those that next do take your eye,
Are the Glory's of the sky,
Whose white Streamers do declare,
That they euer *Virgins* were.

In whose sight, is vnderstood
All that's perfect, rare, and good.
Look's as simple, as the *Doues*,
Fayre, as twenty thousand *Loues*,
Sweeter, then the breath of *May*,
Fresher, then the new borne *Day*,
With theyr *Vertue* yet, compare
All these parts, they nothing are.

But





8.

But in mid'st of these doth come
Graces , and Perfections summe :
Queen of Heauen, & Mother deare
To the Glorious *Bridegroom* there ,
As the Rose , the Three-leau'd grasse
Both for sweet, & fayre, doth passe,
As the Day out-shines the Nights,
As the Moone the lesser lights:
Blessed She , so farre, and more,
Passes all that went before.
At whose prayse no *Angells* tounge
Offer's, but it must do wrong.

But





9.

But now marke, how all thing cheers;
When the *Bridgroom* first appeers;
How his Face doth glory's flame.
Know you whence theyr brightnes came?
In cold mornings we perceave
Words, behind a mist to leaue :
So ech word, which *He* doth say,
Turn's into a sunne-shine ray :
Which besid's we may presume,
Vapours all this rare perfume,
That doth make the gentle ayre
Amber-sweet, as Ro-sy fayre.

Purple





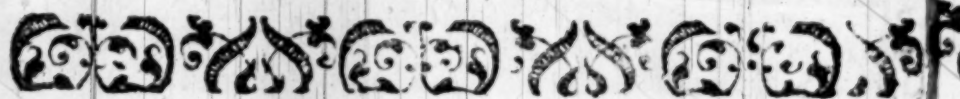
10.

Purple is his marriage weed,
Which the star's, do thicker seed
Then a frosty winters night,
When the Moone shines fayre & bright.
Phosphorus like a pretious stone,
Fast before, doth keep it on,
And behind it loosely flow's,
Proud at euery step he go's
For to kisse his *Blessed* feet;
Whence it doth returne more sweet,
Then the flowers which *May* concey's
From the ayre that *Zeph'rus* breaths.

B

That





II.

That *tongue* were of *God-like* worth
Which could euery grace set forth,
And whoeuer pen them will ,
Doth deserue an *Angells* quill,
And for *Inke* , were only good,
Virgins teares, and *Martyrs* bloud,
Mixt with *sinners* contrite galls,
For theyr much repented falls,
Written on the *Milky Way* ;
All we write, and all we say,
All we comprehend by sence,
Reacheth not *his* Excellence.

Vir



Virgins hence, and close your eyes,
 Least his *Loue* your myndes surprise:
 Th' are to *tender*, He to *fayre*,
 Euery *Looke* will be a snare,
 For to take the *waryest heart*:
 Therefore go, in time depart.
 Y'au'e inough already spied,
 To be enuious of the *Bride*.
 Yet stay, wretch what haue I done?
 T'is his will that all should come.
 Stay, harke, He *himselfe* doth call,
 He hath *Loue inough* for all.

B 2

Neyther



13.

Neyther feare her Iealousy ,
She doth loue , as well as he ,
That you freely looke vpon him ,
Till y'ar all enamour'd on him ,
Feed your eyes, and take in flame ,
Keep your blushes, hide your shame ,
It becomes those Virgins most ,
Who the ardent'st loue, can boast
Vnto him, who all loue merits ,
And all Virgins loue inherits,
Feare not , ioyne you by his side ,
And with vs, go see the Bride .

The

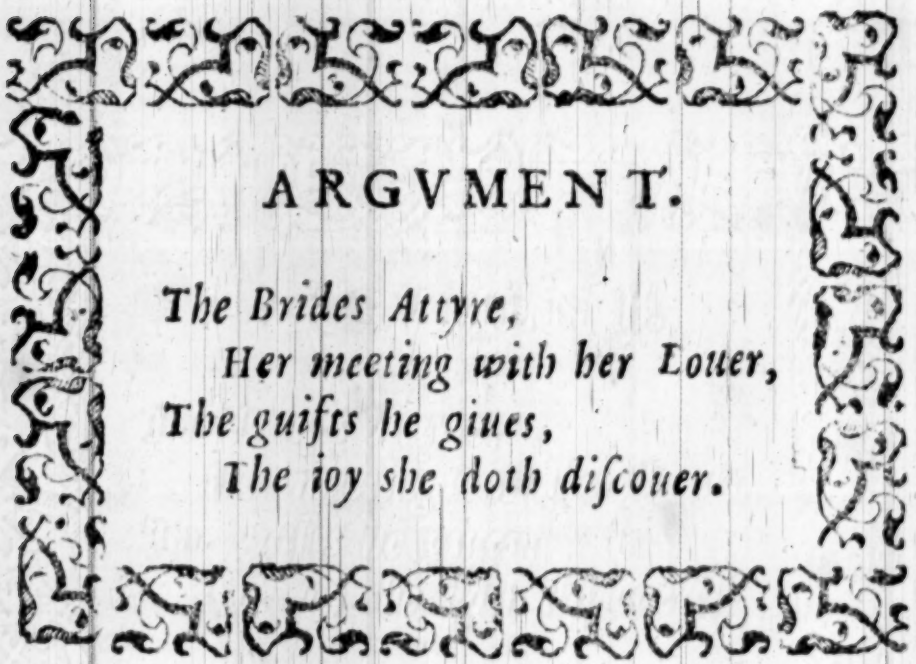




The Allegory.

IN the great Proceſſion of the Celeftiall Court is vnderſtood, the Generall Ioye, of all the Saints in Heauē, when any one on Earth is found worthy to receaue theyr maker in the moſt B. Sacrament. The Bridegroomes attyre is purple, for to ſignify, that ioynly with the Ioy of the receauiſing him, we are to call to mynd the bitterneſſe of his paſſion. That it is adorn'd with ſtarres, is to ſhew, that the reward of ſufferance on Earth, is Glory in Heauen. Phosphorus, or the morning ſtarre, on his Garment before, declares, that his preſence in coming, brings light vnto our ſoules, and that we ſhould take his Grace betimes when it firſt appears, ſince when it is once paſt, we may expect it's returne, but cannot call it backe.

The Second Canto.



ARGUMENT.

*The Brides Attire,
Her meeting with her Louer,
The gifts he giues,
The ioy she doth discover.*



I.

THAT is *she*, who kneeling there,
Seemes to haue no hope, nor feare

Out of *heauen*, wherein her eyes

Fix't (as if the cleerer skyes

Were her mirrour) seeke to find

Graces fitting to *her* mynd.

Her hands foulded ech in one,

As if only they alone,

(Earth not owing any such)

Did deserue ech others touch.

Beg of *Heau'n* by ardent pray'r,

Her deare louers quicke repayre.

B 4

Shē





2 .

She, no other Jewell wears
Then her owne congealed tears,
Which, on simple Goodnes set,
Make a pretious Carcanet.
Her attyre is strange to gold,
And as farre from rich, as old,
Which receaues no other staynes
Then it's natue, but remaynes
White as is the Sheep that bears it,
Pure as is the Soule that wears it.
Sandalls do conceale her feet,
On her head, are Flowers sweet.

Beauty





3 .

Beauty there (*whoever* seeks)
Sits inthron'd vpon her cheeks ,
In a colour, *red* as *Roses* ,
Or when first the morne discloses ,
White, as mountayns when it snows,
Or the yielding downe, that grows
On the breasts of *Swans* , and *Doues* ,
Spread with hayre, that when it moues
Casts amazment on our sight,
T'is so excellently bright.
One may seeke the world, to find
Such a forme, with such a mynd.

Now

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4 .

Now the *Bridall* pompe draw's neere,
And the noyse hath reach't her *Eare*,
Eares , her *Heart* informe of all ,
Heart leapes vp, and *Loue* doth call ;
Loue , sends *Curiosity*
Vp in hast, vnto the *Eye* ,
Eyes , looke out , and *Ioy* appears :
Poore Ioy, almost drown'd in teares,
Running to the heart in hast ,
Sowing rumours as he past,
Puts *her* in Alarum so,
Where she is, she doth not know.

Her





5.

Her swift eyes, that highly moue,
Mounted on the wings of Loue,
Or'looke all, but no where bide;
Till theyr prey they haue espyed,
When she enuying of her eyes,
Straight to *his* imbraces flies,
Where *she* now remayns intwin'd,
Hands in hands, as hearts are ioyn'd
Sugred words, with sighings mixt,
Eyes vpon his beauty fixt,
All, her loue and ioy declare,
For to see her *Bridegroom* there.

Vnto

136





6.

Vnto some it strange may be ;
That so great a *King as he*,
Would so farre from State descend,
To make choyce of such a friend,
Who, her birth can neyther boast,
Nor (what takes our liking most)
Doth in richer cloathing go,
To affect the outward show.
Beauty without wealth , some few ,
Yet can be content to view :
But if Vertue want them eyther ,
She's prefer'd by none to neyther .

Let





7.

Let such know, her *Innocence*
He esteemes, full competence
For to match the highest State;
As was euer enuyed at.
Others (though th'are poore respects
Which her noble mynd neglects,
And disdaynes to Court,) yet He
Of meere loue, and care (that *She*
May not suffer disesteeme,
In those wants, the world doth deeme
So essentiall,) for her Honour,
Will bestow them all vpon her.

And

137





8.

And *with Riches*, which is first
After our accompt (though worst)
He in such a sort indews her,
As it takes, who euer views her
With a iust esteeme, and wonder
How much earthly wealth comes vnder;
She herselfe is all a *Mine*,
And in euery act doth shine,
So much true, and perfect wealth,
As euen *Auarice* it's selfe,
Such a *Treasure* to behould
Would despise it's baser gould.

This





9.

This, the Priuiledge hath giuen
To en-title her to *Heauen*,
Co-heyre with those Blessed sprit's,
Who are drown'd with all delights
In that Sea of ioy, & blisse,
Where no end, no measure is;
This is True Nobility,
This is that, which cannot dy,
This is it, which doth not clayme,
Others Worth, to guild it's shame;
But it selfe, it's selfe commends
Vnto Honour, *Fame*, and Friends.

Now

13.8





10 .

Now the *heauenly* Quires do presse
To bestow theyr *Kisse of Peace*
On this happy Soule, they see
In such heyght of Dignity.
Now the *Bridegroom* doth conduct her,
Whilst his *Mother* doth instruct her,
To the Temple, as behou's,
To confirme theyr Blessed loues,
By the wishes wayted on
Of all present ioyn'd in one;
That no cause be giuen euer
This theyr *Heauenly* match to seuer.

The





The Allegory.

IN the Prayer of the Bride, is to be noted that we should be as carefull, in regard of Gods greatnes, to receaue him worthily, as desirous in respect of our owne wants, to receaue him often. By the playnnes and simplicity of the Brides attyre, is signified that innocency & purity, which is required in those soules, whome he doth please to visit with his gracious presence. The lewell of her Teares, doth shew that Sorrow for our offences, by which we should duly prepare our selues, vnto the receauing of him. Her Sandalls the Humility, and Flowers, the gratefull odour of our workes, and merits.

What is sayd of Beauty, both heere, or in any other place, is meant and to be vnderstood only of the Soule, whose inuisible Fayrenes can no way be rendred perceivable to sense, but by Examples of visible Excellency. That she hath not any riches of her owne, but what are bestow'd vpon her by the Bridgroom, doth shew, that God giues not Vertue to any, in respect of wealth, but wealth oftentimes, in regard of theyr Vertue; and that we are no further to care for them, then it is his pleasure we should inioy them.

C

The



The third Canto.



ARGUMENT.

*The Marriage in the Church,
The Rites expres't,
Her Reuerence, and
Inviting him her guest.*



I.

NO W with due becomming state

They haue entred all, the Gate

Of the Temple, arch't with gould,

Rich and shining to behould,

Rew'd with Iaspar pillars, set

On fayre bases all of Ier,

Marble which the sight doth vary

On the pauement (as in Quarry)

All one piece doth seeme to be,

It was ioyn'd so curiously.

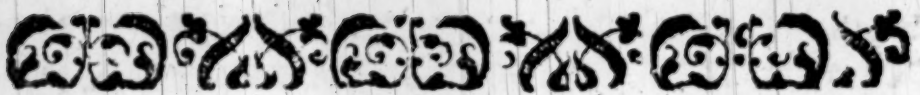
With cleare lights, the Iles are taper'd

With perfumes the Vaults are vapour'd.

C 2

They





2 .

They, not farre had led the *Bride*,
When before her she espyed
A *fayre Picture*, did of right
Challenge euery *Virgin-sight*.
Twa's the *Kingdome of the Blessed*,
By so liuely skill exprested,
As it made her nigher draw,
Thinking all was true, she saw ;
And deceau'd, with listning care,
To assay, if she could heare
Musicke, which the *Angells* made,
Whilst they *sung*, and whilst they *play'd*.
Twa's





3.

Twa's an *Omen* lik't her well,
Wherfore she did longer dwell
On the sight therof, and tooke
More delight from eucry looke.
There she saw the *Virgin Quires*,
Shining bright with *Holy-syers*,
Following of the *Lambe* along,
Seeming for to sing a song,
Which (a *Scedule* there did say)
None in *Heauen* could sing but they.
Much *she* had conceyu'd before,
But, this sight did adde much more,

C 3

Lon-





4.

Longer *she* would fayne haue stayd,
But her stay, *she* was affrayd
Might to some seeme to discouer
A neglecting of her *Louer*.
And (who knows) perhaps, withall
Some her indiscreet might call,
Who in fay'nd things could delight,
Whilst the true on's were in sight.
Therefore wisely she went on,
Though resolu'd, when she was gone,
Deepe in heart away to beare
All imprest, she had seen there.

Now





5.

Now they nigh the *Altar* come,
And in order fill the roome,
All prepare to be imply'd;
Virgins to attend the *Bride*,
Priests to Celebrate the *Rites*,
Angells to assist with *Lights*,
Musicke, and *Perfume*: ther's none
Whose imployment is not knowne;
Euery one doth take some care,
And if any Idle were,
They with wishes do assist
The *Bride*, the *Bridgroome*, and the *Priest*.

C 4

Twa's





6 .

Tw'as to all the *Saints* a sight,
Did beget them much delight,
To observe the trembling *Bride*,
Kneeling by her *Louers* side,
How her well composed eye
Neuer cast a lookt awry,
For to catch at *Thoughts*, which might
Bring distraction with the sight :
But did reu'rently regard
All *she* saw, and all *she* heard ,
Whilst the Priest set all things forth,
With state, equall to theyr worth.

Though





7.

Though she wish't the time were come,
That might ioyne them both in one,
And (to thinke too long) had cause
Euery little stay, or pause :
Yet as euery Rite did passe,
So attent, and glad she was,
As if ech, the reason were
Only of her comming there.

Whē to Heau'n for (*) help they call, (*) Kyrie
eleison.

She her voyce doth ioyne with all.

To the like her mynd they moue

When they glorify (*) her Loue. (*) Gloria
in excelsis

When

C 5





8.

(a) Sanctus. When they (a) *Holy* do proclayme him

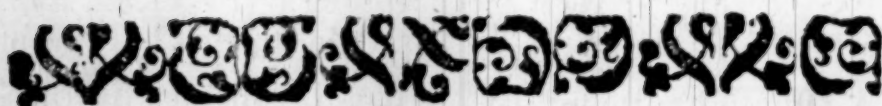
(b) Dominus Deus. *She* With much delight (b) doth name him.

(c) Eleuatiō. When they (c) *shew him* vnto all,
There is none doth lower fall,
With more humblenes before him,
For to reuerence, and adore him.

i) Agnus dei. When they call to mynd (d) *his Croſſe*
Who can more resent his losse?

ii) Domine on ſum di-
nus. When they do professe, (e) *ther's none*
Worthy of him, She alone
Thinks ther's none, her eyes can see
But is worthier farre then *she*.

But





9.

But at last when she's invited
By due prayers, and Tapers lighted,
To draw neare, and take (f) her Louer,
O what Ioye doth she discover?
Teares her eyes had ouerflow'd
Sighs burst forth, and playnly shew'd,
Though Ioy, would not let her speake,
They must vent, or she must breake.
He as much Love did expresse,
As she Ioy, and tendernes,
When thus solemnly they both,
Ech to other plight theyr troth.

(f) Commu-
nion,

C. 6

The





10.

**The Brides declaration of
her Loue .**

1.

*The World shall sooner want the sunns faire light .
The Moone extinguisht be, and put out quite,
The starres in darknes leaue the heau'ns aboue.*

2.

*The spring shall sooner cause the dayes grow short,
And fading Autumne, make them longer for't ,
Shippes, on the land shall sayle about, & moue.*

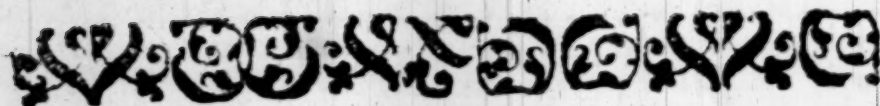
3.

*Cartes shall be drawne the liquid waters o're,
Fishes i'th woods shall liue , i'th sea the boare
Shall sooner find his food, and where to tread.*

4.

*Then I shall cease to loue thee, euer deere,
Whether I breath the life which I haue beere,
Or el's am numbred with the gastly dead.*

The





11.

The Bridgroomes to her.

1.

*Nature may proue a Stepdame to the Earth,
Spring may refuse to giue her Flowers birth,
And tender Mothers hate theyr first borne child.*

2.

*Fayre Vertue from her Goodnes may depart,
And Vice may raigne without the conscience smarr,
All loue from gentle Breasts may be exild.*

3.

*The Sunne may leaue the day, the Moone the night,
Prosperity her Ioy, and Enuy spight,
The auaricious may despise his Gould.*

4.

*But I, deare soule, can neuer change from thee,
Whilst Loue and Vertue which haue taken me,
Keep in thy heart that place which now they hould.*

The

C. 7





12.

Then whilst *Angells* sweetly sing,
On her *hand* he puts a *Ring*;
Ring, which had such vertuous might,
To expell with only sight,
All *Temptations Sinne* doth breed
In the *thought*, the *word*, or *deed*;
In the *mynd* a luster setting
By *pure thoughts* of it's begetting.
Thus the *Ceremonyes* done,
All preparing to be gone,
She her *Spouse*, that day her *guest*,
Lead's vnto the *Marriage feast*

The





The Allegory.

BT the picture, vpon which the Bride so liberally bestowed her eyes, at her Entrance into the Temple, is signified, those good Thoughts and Cogitations, which the holines of such places doth often suggest vnto vs. By her withdrawing her sight from it, as soone as she remembered she had other more necessary things to do; is shewed that we should neuer so dwell on the delectation of any one good worke, as therby to neglect a greater.

In her Deuotion and Attention during the Celebration of the holy mysteries, we are taught, how we are to concur with the Action and Intention of him who Celebrates.

By her Ring, may be vnderstood the memory of our B. Sauour, on which if we but often & seriously reflect, it is impossible we should be so vngratefull to him, and trayterous to our selues, as to betray the Fort of our Innocency (by the Intelligence eyther of thought, word, or act) vnto any Vice, or Imperfection.

The

C. 8



The fourth Canto.

ARGUMENT.

*The Nuptiall Feast, wherein
Is much commended,
Her Drinke, & Fare; but
In excesse she ended.*

I.

HENCE exulting Ioy, begone,
Els thou'lt kill the *Bride* anone,
She doth feed with *soules* delight,
And, as if her *Bridgroomes* fight
Her, like *him*, did heavenly make,
Hath forgot all *food* to take.
How her eyes are fixt on his,
Scarfe believing her owne blisse,
That so poore a Soule, as she
Should be Loue, to such as he,
And when most assur'd t'is true,
Then, she most doth wonder new.

D

Mel-



2 .

Melting snow, that hills doth crowne,
Toucht with sunshine, runs not downe
Swifter, nor more currents seeks
Then the *teares* vpon her *cheeks*.
Much I feare they'l ne're haue done!
Now to see *his face*, they runne
Trickling downe, and now as fast
When she finds, that they haue cast
Such a *mist* her eyes before,
She can scarcely see *him* more:
So betwixt her *Ioyes* and *Feares*,
Teares, are only cause of *Teares*.

In





3.

In the mid'st of all our noyse
Singing loude theyr Nuptiall loyes,
She her silence breaks no more,
Then the *fish*e when *seas* do roare,
Least perhaps to gayne discourse,
She, herselfe doth wisely force
For to lend a word to lone
Of a thousand words for one:
But the whilst, as they are payd,
Blessed Heaven, how she's affrayd
Least ech one should be the last,
So too soone her gayne be past.

D 2

Why





4.

Why is all this *Musicke* heere?

See, it neuer takes her care.

Angells, though you play, and sing

Till the Ayre with Eccho ring,

Though t'*is sweet*, and *rare*, yet she

Is so farre from thanking yee,

'As sh'admirs how you can do

Any thing, but hearken to

Those his *hony-flowing Words*

Which into *her Eare* affoards

'*Sounds* more *sweet*, more *pleasing farre*,

Then your *Quiers*, or *Consorts* are.

Why





5.

Why d'ye lauish, and consume
So much rich, and choyce perfume?
She alone might well suffice,
For to sweeten all the skyes,
With those sighs, which she doth spend
Without measure, without end.
Griefe, before I euer knew
Ioy, could weepe as well as you,
Swoune, and suffer, all speech bar'd,
But such sigh's I neuer heard
Soft, I see therin doth lye
Yet some deeper mystery.

D 3

Marke





6.

Maake her, she doth vse to frame
Of her breath, her Louers Name,
Tasting which, her mouth receaues
All the gust, that hony leaues.

Oh Repast deuine, and rare!

By that Food we nought are

Which we take, and in receaue;

She, by that, which she doth leaue:

Yet th' effect is far more strange,

Food in vs to Earth doth change,

Hers, in him, to Heauen; so breath

Wisely hath beguiled death.

But





7.

But some *Epicure* will say,
She consumes herselfe this way,
Not supplying *Natures* needs,
But doth languish as she feeds.
Peace, thou Earthly mynd, thy food
Changeth first to flesh and bloud,
Sicknes doth thereon awayt,
That brings death, her dyet straight
Turnes to life, and better spirit,
Fills her full with glorious Merit,
Doth her soule at last commend
Vnto *Life*, can neuer end.

D 4

Now

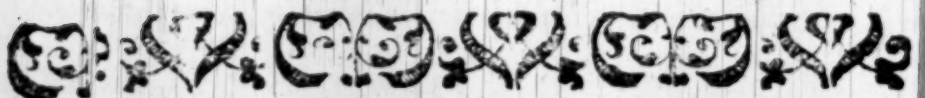




8.

Now, when *she* doth list to *drinke*,
Oh what humane thought can thinke
On the sweetnes, which *she* tastes,
Whilst her draught delicious lasts!
Yet, deare soule, how ere you fayne,
I do see, it brings you payne,
Whilst you *drinke* out of a wound,
Not alone, for Loue you *sound*,
Bee't in feet, in hands, or side,
In concept it opens wide,
Euen as deepe a wound in you,
As those pretious ones you view.

Drinke





9.

Drinke not, thirsty soule, so deepe,
Temp'rance bids a measure keepe.
Scandall doth arise from such,
Who vnwary, drinke too much.
She all counsayle doth despise,
Stops her Eares, and firmes her Eyes,
Euery daught begets a thirst,
Hoat and fiercer then the first.
O how great the daunger is,
Least some harme do follow this,
And now see, She leanes her head
In her Louers armes, as dead.

25

An-





10.

Angells beare her forth , I feare
Much the cause ; she's stifled heere :
Ther's no doubt her health's impayre
May be help't with better ayre.
But himselfe alone sustaynes
All the burthen, all the paynes,
Thinking nothing throughly done,
'Lesse his Blessed selfe be one,
Rubbe her Temples , bow her head
Beare her to the Mariage Bed:
Feare not, she'le reuiue anone,
When her Extasy is gone.

The





The Allegory.

IN all this Feast is nothing els to be vnder-
stood, then only the tender and pious affections
which are incited, and stired vp, in high Con-
templatiue Soules, by the receauing of the
B. Sacrament, as namely their Deuout
Colloquies, seasoned in tears, & mixt with
sighes, to giue the more delicate tast & relish to
theyr high-fed Soules, and also the strict
watch they keep on theyr Attentions, to barre
the entrance of any thoughts may bring distra-
ction with them. By her swoning, is signified
the sweet force of the Diuine Loue, which (as if
it had changed dartes with Death) doth oftenti-
mes leaue the Bodies vnto the Graue, by enti-
cing from them the Soules, vnto the Ioyes of
Heauen. Lastly, by the Angells Care, and
Bridgroomes diligence, in bearing of her forth
out of that close Chamber where she was (the
world) into Heauen, her Bridall Chamber, is
shewen, that God is neuer waming to assist
them at theyr Deaths, whose Vertues whilst
they liue on Earth, do labour a sure and per-
fect Friendship, betwixt them and Heauen.



The fifth Canto.



ARGUMENT.

*The Chamber of the Bride,
Her' maze, it's stayres,
Theyr Ioy, the rest, the
Angells song declares.*



I .

NOW, they vp a wondrous *staire*,
Farre aboue all noysome ayre,
T'wards her chamber beare the *Bride*,
When not able to abide
Such a brightnesse, such a height,
Leaden *Death*, with his owne *weight*,
Fell to *ground*, from of her eyes,
In a *grane*, where now he lyes.
Then *they* straight vnclos'd, and gaz'd
At her being so amaz'd,
As tw'as long ere she could giue
Her *selfe* credit, she did liue.

And

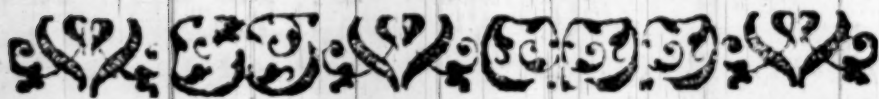
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2.

And who could refuse to wonder,
For to see *Earth* lye vnder
Such vnmeasur'd way below
As t'was almost lost to shew.
For to see the *waters* stand
Like a *wall* about the Land ;
And without so surely fenc't
With the moyster *ayre* condens't,
For to see the humble *fyer*
Neyther burne, nor mount vp higher !
None of these but might amaze
One who far more bouldnes ha's.
Yet



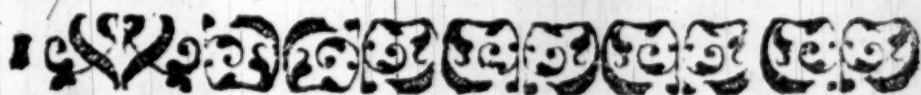


3.

Yet this wonder did not last,
For her eye aside she cast
And in it, lost all her feare,
When she saw her *Bridgrome* there.
That which made *her* wonder cease,
May perhaps make *ours* increase.
She of all strange things that were
By one *glaunce* on him, more cleere
Did the hidden *Causes* see,
Then within a *Mirroure*, we
Our *owne faces*, when we looke,
Studying most that flat'ring booke.

So

D. 8





4.

So all *Wonder* turn'd to *Loue*,
Loue in her, a *Heauen* did proue,
Heauen, as they did go, was there,
Heauen they came to eu'ry where.
Heauen within her, and without,
Heauen aboue, and round about :
Heauen is in her *Eyes*, and *Eares*,
Nothing now but *Heauen* appeares,
In ech sense, in euery part,
In her *mouth*, her louing *heart*,
And these *Heauens* are all, alone
In her *Bridgroome*, ioyn'd in one.

Then





5.

She without all payne doth goe,
(That vn'wares she left below
On the vnder floore of *clay* ,
Whilst in deadly trance she lay ,
For *some faynt*, and *worldly* mind
Dares not higher go, to find.)
And they now arriued are
On the highest *Christall* stayre,
Ioyning to a *porche* of gould ,
(Eyes did ne're the like behould)
That directly in doth guide
To the *Chamber* of the *Bride*.

E

See





6.

See, the *dores* do open stand,
And the *Bridgreame* by the hand,
(Whilſt the *Saints* his prayſes ſing)
His fayre crowned *Spouſe* leads in,
All the *Soules* that heauen had cuer,
There ſtand ready to receaue her,
For her glory, euery one
Far more glad then for theyr owne:
Yet ther's none hath more expreſt,
Of a glad, and ioyfull breſt,
Nor of Loue more pledges giuen,
Then the ſacred *Queene of Heauen* .

Thoſe





7.

Those whose Ioyes , are at the height,
Thinke th'are happyer in *her* sight,
And who know th'are loued most,
Such a *Riuall* sooneft boast ,
They so hast her in to beare,
As our *Night* begins , I feare,
And those *Glory's* which we see
Tooto soone , will vanish't be.
Darknesse winnes vpon the *skies*,
Now they lessen in our eyes,
To a *Starre*, which was a *Sunne*,
Now a *sparke*, and now th'are gone ,

E 2

What





8.

What a *darke*, and *vgly* sight,
After so much Glorious *Light*,
This blacke *Clod* of *Earth* Appeares.
But, what *Musicke* strikes our Eares ?
Sure, t'is that the *Angells* make,
For the *Bride*, and *Bridgroomes* sake :
Which whilst *Eccho* brings to ground,
Tranayle doth enrich the sound.
Let vs *hearken* what they say,
Somewhat may be learn't this way :
Hearing that, we cannot see
Is of *Ioy* the next degree :



HIEROTHALAMIVM.
I.

SING Io Hymen, chastest Hymen all,
And with loude voyce the Brides great Ioyes
So Eccho tolt, as not a word let fall. ^{(repeate,}

May make them seem lesse sounding then th'are
^{(great.}
But in this heyght th'are at,

May they for euer be,

That euen the Saints, when as they see,

And haue her Blessings knowne,

May thinke ther's somewhat wanting of theyr owne.

Let Ioy with her, and wish her more beside,

And ioyne with vs, in hon'ring of the Bride.

E 3

Now





II.

Now world farwell, she thinks on thee no more,

Or if she doth, it is but to compare

With much disdain, thy wants, with her great
(store.

Thy courser feeding, with her daynty fare,

Thy mynds perpetuall care,

With her Soules lasting peace,

Thy Barrennes, with her Increase;

Thy want of sense to choose

Such things, for wealth, which her doth them re-
(fuse

Make only rich; Thy thousand woes beside,

With the perpetuall blessings of the Bride.

You





III.

*You need not boast your Issue, nor be glad;
T'is but a wretched shift, that Nature finds
For to repayre the Spoyles, that Death hath
The Sower of all Cares in Parēts mynds,* (made,

Which she who well declines,

Doth soone find, what a blest

And happy change sh'as made, by rest

She feels within her soule,

When no vnquiet thought, doth there controule,

Or vrge those Cares, which Ease doth not abide,

Happy are such, thrice happy is the Bride.





IIII.

*It is theyr Ioy, who grieue that they are old,
To haue some Issue they may leaue behind,
And in theyr sight, theyr passed youths behold,
Ioy, is but Ease of Griefe in humane kind.*

Who want's doth seeke to find,

Who hunger's, food doth loue:

But happy soules, who are aboue

The need, and lacke of these!

Heere, are delights which neuer know decrease,

Heere, youth is lasting, life doth euer bide,

Ioy wayt's on it, They all, vpon the Bride.

No





V.

No Ielou'sy her quiet heart moleſt's,
No feare, of too vntimely loſſe of life,
No heauy care, that preſſeth marryed breſts,
No cauſe of grudging, or contentious
The woe of man, & wife. (ſtriſe

No Lothing, but the ſame

Fyer, which now burnes with holy
To light theyr Loues to day, (flame,

Will euer laſt, & neuer can decay;
For he hath choſe, who cānot chāge abide
To haue her euer for his Spouſe and Bride.

The

25





The Allegory. or Conclusion.

TOVCHING the Allegory in this last Canto, little is to be sayd. The Stayres by which the Bride was borne vp vnto her Bridall Chamber, do allude vnto the Elements and Planets, which (according to the astrologers) do fill vp by their orderly distances, the space betwixt Heauen and Earth, wherein I make the Cælum Cristallinum (following the Generall opinion) the highest steppe of this stayre, and next adioyning to the Cælum Empyreum, or habitation of the Blessed.

¶ It may to some perhaps, seeme some want of good manners in Art, to bring the Bride only to the Entrance of her Bridall Chamber, and there abruptly to leaue her & follow her no further: But if the Paynter Timant, was thought worthy of prayse, for paynting Agamemnon (present when his daughter Iphigenia was to be sacrificed,) with his face couered, signifying that his Griefe was greater, then could be seene in his counte-





countenance; I see no reason, why I should be blamed, for passing those Ioyes in silence, which are greater then can be comprehended by humayne sense, or Imagination. Besides, that breuity which I haue studyed from the beginning, loath now to loose it's Palme at the later end, did hasten me away from more prolixity, by affording me this reason: That it was euery way auaylable vnto this worke, and me; that those who were delighted with it, should be sory it is so short, and those who were not, should be glad it is no longer.

F I N I S.



73

Σ. 8